

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



A LETTER TO MISS HONOR O'DILLON.

THE NEIGHBOURS OF KILMACLONE.

CHAPTER V.—UNEXPECTED EVENTS.

It appeared to the inhabitants of Kilmacclone, that Terry O'Tool was particularly bent on doing business among them in the early days of that November. He went from one house to another with his basket and his gossip every morning, and contrived to quarter himself on some of them every night, as, according to the hospitable customs of the people, the wandering

hawker was always invited to stay where the fall of the evening found him; but his visits were most frequent to the Lees. The largest purchases and the most kindly welcome were to be expected there, and Terry seemed in the fair way to wear out both. He came so often with charmin' pins an' iligant thimbles, that Molly Dhu found it necessary to exercise her vocation for scolding upon his prices, his wares, and his conduct in general. Her lecture kept him out of the house, but not out of its precincts. The neighbours

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

observed him loitering about the meadow gate and the orchard fence, as if on the watch for something but not wishing to be seen, and some of the keenest remarked that Terry had been very pointed and curious in his inquiries consarnin' Miss Honor. Miss Honor herself could have solved that mystery had she thought proper. On his very first call at the Lees, Terry had induced her to come outside for the purpose of seeing how a silver thimble he wanted to dispose of "reflected the glory of the surlestial sun," and while she was looking at it the hawker dexterously slipped into her hand a letter, at the same time whispering, "It's from yer own thrue lover in French Park," and Honor as dexterously transferred it to her pocket.

In a few minutes more she stood in her own room with a flushed face and sparkling eyes, first admiring and then breaking the seal; but what a change came over them as she read,—

"DEAREST, LOVELIEST, MOST AMIABLE MISS O'DILLON,—I venture to write to you by the hand of a trusty messenger to say, what doubtless you have already guessed, that from the moment I beheld you my liberty and my peace alike were gone, and the only thing I wish for on earth is an opportunity to lay my heart and hopes at your feet. Grant me a private interview, my adored charmer, for I have much to say that cannot be expressed on paper, and at any place or time you choose to appoint I will joyfully fly to meet you. Do not hesitate to confide your answer to the messenger; he is faithful, or I should not have employed him where you were concerned, and a line, or even a word, will be sufficient to bring to your feet your impatient and devoted lover, GERALD BOURKE."

At the first sentence Honor looked as if she thought the writer must be going mad, at the second her brow grew dark with an unmistakable frown, and at the sight of the signature she scornfully tossed the letter into the blazing fire, flying Cupid and all. Gerald Bourke could manage his father's business, lay a crafty plan, and employ suitable instruments, but he miscalculated probabilities, as commonplace people generally do regarding characters superior to their own. Few as were her years and opportunities, Honor O'Dillon had that self-respect and innate delicacy which are woman's best safeguards, and the assurance and assumption of his impudent *billet-doux* offended both.

Moreover, Bourke was not the man to make an impression on the girl brought up among the bogs, as he called her. His letter would not have been so readily received if Redmond Fitzmaurice had not gone to French Park too, and Terry O'Tool's whisper seemed to regard him. Love-letters and love-making were common things in the experience of most rustic belles in the county Roscommon, and go-betweens such as Terry were in a manner necessary to the romantic secrecy with which all true-love affairs were carried on among Honor's people, even where no barriers of rank or fortune existed; for the Irish peasant manages such affairs rather in the fashion of the sensitive and sentimental south than that of straightforward and domestic England. Cormick O'Dillon's eldest and handsomest daughter had got valentines and flattering verses in abundance; but the girl was young, and somewhat proud, notwithstanding her frankness and simplicity of manners. That was the first letter that had ever been slipped into her pocket, and it proved her first disappoint-

ment, so she saw it flare up with the blaze, and then fall in white ashes, and resolved that that should be the end of the whole business, as, unlike most girls of her age, Honor had no confidant.

However, the trusty messenger, to whom something decent had been promised, was equally resolved to get an answer out of her. "Tell Mr. Bourke," she said, when he waylaid her by the river-side on the following day, "that I never meet anybody, nor answer any letters of the kind."

"Miss Honor, you wouldn't have a young man losin' his raison intirely. I declare to you that he adores the ground you walk on; an' it's my opinion that if ye don't take pity on him an' send him a consolin' answer, it's a strait-jacket that'll have to be purvided." And Terry's look of alarm would have done credit to any actor. But he forgot that statements about young men "losin' their raison, and dying for their sakes," were familiar things to the beauties of his land in any station. Honor laughed, and assured him that canvas was cheap. But Terry lay in wait for her day after day in the fields and about the house, till one afternoon when he was beseeching her, through a crevice in the orchard fence, not to have the death of an only son upon her conscience, she said, "There is no fear of Mr. Bourke dying for anybody, Terry; but my two brothers will be here soon, and you'll see what answer they will give him."

"Let me never lie, but there's a colleen not aisy got over!" said the hawker to himself as soon as he recovered breath after his rapid retreat. "Misther Bourke'll have to thry in another quarther. An' it's not much I'll get from his father's son for all my trouble, becase it wasn't crowned wid success. Sure, this 'arth is a disappointin' place."

While Terry thus lamented his failure, Honor had walked away laughing at the success of her effort to get rid of his importunities. She did not care to mention the matter to any of her family, partly because she was conscious of having encouraged Bourke's attentions at the Hallow Eve festivity, and partly because the hasty temper of her brother Connel might lead him to quarrel with Fitzmaurice's friend. Honor had told neither him nor Maurice when she spoke. Connel was supposed to be fishing somewhere down the Shannon; he went out every day as the short afternoon of November drew towards evening, and seldom returned till some time after dark; but her two young sisters were calling for her to go with them and gather the last of the nuts in a wild hazel coppice at the top of their father's farm.

Cormick O'Dillon's house was uncommonly quiet when the twilight of that day fell; its good master was still with his men in the upper fields where his girls had gone; Connel had not come back from his fishing; Molly Dhu and the female servants were resting themselves by the kitchen fire; the "ould mistress" had fallen asleep in her easy-chair at the parlour one; and Maurice sat with his books in the recess of a window hard by. He had some arrears of learning to make up before his return to school, which was fixed for the next morning. The light had failed him at last, but surely that was not the cause of a long deep sigh which seemed to come from the boy's very heart.

"What is it, alanna?" said his grandmother. In all times of emotion she was apt to recur to terms of the Irish language, which had been spoken by most of the people of Roscommon in her youth.

"I thought you were asleep, grandmother," said Maurice.

"So I was, avourneen; but that sigh of yours chased the sleep away. It is strange to hear the like from a young heart. What troubles you, Maurice acushla? I know there is something working on your mind, and has been this many a day. Tell your old grandmother what it is; maybe I'll be telling it to your blessed mother before long."

She had come to his side, and laid her thin white hand on his dark hair. "It is hard to tell," said Maurice, after a pause. "Told it must be; maybe you'll think it very wrong, but, grandmother, I cannot go into the church. I am not fit for it, and the more I read and learn of the duties of our clergy, the more my mind turns against it. Pity me, if it is a sin, for I cannot help myself."

"Did that thought come since you saw Hannah Ross, Maurice? Old eyes notice more than young heads think they can," said Mrs. O'Dillon; but her tone was still kindly, and her hand rested on his hair.

"Indeed, grandmother, you are not correct in that. There is nothing between me and Hannah, and nothing ought to be with one that is intended for the church. She is a sensible girl, and likes serious talk; but I am bound never to look on a woman's face with the thoughts that are lawful and right for other men. Oh, grandmother, I cannot take the vows," said the young man, in a tone of wild despair.

"Then, my boy, do not take them. There is no sin in shrinking from an obligation which one knows to be too great for him; but a terrible burden and a fearful risk it is to take vows which one might be tempted to break. Give yourself a chance of keeping a good conscience, Maurice; and if you have any inclination unsuitable to the priesthood, do not wrong your own soul and the church by taking holy orders. Why didn't you mention the matter sooner, avourneen, and not break your own heart over it?" and she stroked down his hair as if he were still a child.

"It went against me, grandmother, because I knew how much my father had spent on my education—more than he could spare, maybe—and how much my change of mind would disappoint him. Oh, if I had but known years ago what I know now! But I was young, grandmother, I was young when they put me to school. But I'll tell you what I have been thinking of, as the best way for me and for all the family. I'll slip away to America. I hear of other Roscommon boys doing well there, and so may I," said Maurice, "and my father will not have the disappointment and the vexation of time and money spent to no purpose always rising in his mind at the sight of me."

In their earnest talk, and the deepening twilight, neither the young man nor the aged woman had heard the room door open, and somebody come softly in; but as Maurice uttered the last word, a kindly arm was thrown about his neck, and Cormick said, in a half-whisper, "Is that the notion you have of your father, my bochal-bawn?" Like his mother, he took to the Irish terms when his heart was moved. "I have been eavesdropping, Maurice, for the first time in my life; eavesdropping on you and my mother here, and heard all that you wouldn't tell to your poor old father—counting him a hard skinflint, that would grudge the bit of schooling you got, because you couldn't go on with a work too much for you."

"I thought no such thing, father—I thought no such thing," cried Maurice, fairly giving way, for the tears streamed down his cheeks. "It was the disappointment it might bring to you that broke my heart, and kept me from confessing all long ago."

"I am sorry you didn't, agra machree," and Cormick clasped his thoughtful and early-tried son with one strong arm, while the other was flung round his own aged mother, who had come close to his side in the darkness. "I am sorry you didn't tell me long ago, and save your own young head the trouble and the striving to do what was past your power. I partly guessed it, Maurice, and was going to speak to you this evening before you went back to school. However, it is all out now; and there are three generations of us here, bound to think and do the best for one another."

"There is, Cormick, acushla; and I am glad you take it so kindly," said his mother.

"How else should I take it? Maurice is not to blame because he can't be a priest. Far better for him to be an honest man; but there is one thing, my boy," said Cormick, "you must promise me, and that is, to give up your notion of slipping away to America, as if your poor father was driving you away from his house and home."

"No, father, it is not that. Nobody in his senses could think so of you; but do let me go. You have spent a great deal on my education—more than you could well spare, maybe—and I should like to turn it to some account. I am sure I could get something to do in the teaching way, or some way, in any of the American towns. There's scope for every head and hand there, they say. The two young Dorans that were at school with me in Athlone, and never stood at the head of a class in all their lives, are doing well in New York, and why shouldn't I?"

"Why shouldn't you do well at home, Maurice?" said his father; "we have a good farm, and not too many on it, like some of our poor neighbours; as for the cost of your schooling, never mind that, the money is never lost that's spent on learning. You'll be able to read and maybe translate the Latin psalms and prayers to us, and the texts from the Fathers that we meet with in good books. Many a time they have been a puzzle to me. Ay, and you'll keep up scholarship in the family, my boy. It was never wanting among the O'Dillons, witness some of them that are notable men in France this day."

"Well, father, let me go and try to get notable in America," said Maurice, "there are plenty to provide for in the Lees besides me. Scholarship or any other ability has no chance here, and I will be no credit to the family. When the neighbours come to know that I couldn't get on as a priest, who can tell what they will think or say about it?"

"Let them think or say as they like, Maurice; it is no discredit to any house that an honest conscience told a boy that he was not fit to take upon him holy orders and holy vows; that is what we will say, for it is the truth, and nobody's business but our own. At any rate, Maurice," and the father's arm clasped him still closer, "I cannot, and I will not, part with my second son, my only one now, I may say, for Connel has taken to looking after the girls, and will get married some fine morning, then I'll have nobody but you to help me with stock or farm. A married man belongs to his wife and nobody else, as the old proverb says. You wouldn't leave me in my old days, Maurice? You wouldn't go away to the strange country and

the strange people in your early youth, and break your father's heart with the sorrow and the fear of what might happen to you?"

"I'll never go anywhere or do anything without your leave, father," said Maurice, in the firm but sad tone which early trial and thought had given him.

"God bless you for that, my boy; and trouble yourself no more about that clergy business. I'll make the neighbours understand the rights of it, and your schoolmaster too. I was proud of the last letter he sent me about your acquirements, and of course you'll go back to school and finish your season properly. Then we'll see what can be done about finding a new profession for you; I won't expect my clever son to lose his learning over haystacks and cornfields; but just for the present," said Cormick, "a breath of the evening air would do you good, and the girls are rather late at the nuts; I think they are staying to fill Hannah Ross's basket. She and the two boys went up the lane to them as I was coming down; go up, Maurice, and bring them all safe home; there's nothing like the open air and the open fields for taking trouble off the mind of old or young."

"You took the sure way to send him off to the upper fields, Cormick, agra," said the quick-witted grandmother, as the door closed behind Maurice, and she and her son sat down together in the full moonlight, which now poured into the room like a flood of molten silver.

"By saying that Hannah Ross was there? I partly thought so myself, the boy has taken to her so much every time he came home for the last twelve-month," said Cormick; "mother, dear, do you think is it love notions that makes him turn against the priesthood?"

"I think it is; and where's the wonder, if one looks wisely into it? Love notions are natural to the young—we all had them in our time; oh, but mine is long ago," said old Mrs. O'Dillon; "and yet, Cormick, the courting days with your father—God give him rest, and me a joyful meeting with him—come back to my mind and to my dreams as fresh, ay, far more so, than the flowers of last summer, and I know you have not forgotten your own time with Rose."

"Forgot it! no, mother dear, I have not, and never will. I was the happy man the day you gave your consent and your blessing to our match, for I knew she would have me then; and for that matter, ours were all courting days," said Cormick. "Oh, but it was hard to lose her so early, and there had never been a cross word or a sour look between us."

"Stop, Cormick, the will of Him who took her is best for us all, though we can't see it. I missed Rose nearly as much as you did; she was a good daughter to me and a good wife to you, avillish, and we both know that there is an angel waiting for us in heaven this night; but looking back on what I have known of true love and faithful marriage, makes me think—God help me if the thought is wrong," said the pious woman—"but it does make me think that the Protestants are right in what they say about our church forbidding them to the clergy. I would not say the like to the boy; young heads are easily unsettled, and, with the troubled thoughts he seems to have, it might turn his mind against the church entirely. But, Cormick, I doubt that same forbidding has laid a heavy burden upon honest hearts, and been a great cause of hidden sin with some that were not honest;

so I am glad that Maurice has found out his own mind in time."

"So am I," said Cormick; "but it's strange he should have fixed his fancy on Hannah Ross; she is a Protestant, a black Presbyterian from the North, and her father hasn't a penny for her."

"Never mind, Cormick, Hannah's a good girl; her family are honest, decent people, good neighbours, and good Christians, though they don't worship with us. You wouldn't make religion a cause of dispute and separation, as they did in the old persecuting times. Woe is me that it should be so much so yet in Ireland! And you wouldn't make want of money a bar to true love, knowing that time and Providence can change fortunes, if people have but sense to wait for them, as I think Maurice will."

"You are right, mother; the boy was never in haste about anything, except when it was needful; and he is young; time changes minds as well as fortunes, and his may alter," said Cormick, with a sigh of relief.

"I am not sure of that," said his mother. "There is a steadfast strain in Maurice beyond what one sees in most young men, though he has turned from the priesthood, which was laid out for him when he was but a child. The boy will hold fast enough to anything he takes in hand now; and Cormick, what he said to you this night was true, there is little chance for learning or ability of any sort in Ireland. Maurice is clever, we all know that. He won't like to stay at home, turning his schooling and talents to no account, and if you could bring your mind to let him try his fortune in America, it might be the best thing, for many a brave boy has gone there and prospered well."

"And did you ever see one of them come back as he went—with the same heart and the same mind?" interrupted Cormick. "Don't they every one turn hard-headed and stiff, given to rash ventures, and sure to despise the old country and the old ways, that they broke their hearts for leaving? Mother, I never went against your advice in anything, and with God's help I never will; but I can't part with my son. It is ten years this very season since his blessed mother was taken from me; she knew she was going, though I did not, and neither did the doctor. Oh, that decay is a deceitful enemy—(Cormick used the term current in his country for consumption, as people in England use decline)—a deceitful enemy, but it did not deceive her. One evening when I was sitting with her thinking of no danger, as we are sitting here, and it was moonlight too, she laid her head upon my breast and said, 'Cormick, avourneen, I am going home! The Lord is calling me away early, but his holy will be done. The only thing that grieves me is to leave you and my young children. Agra machree, you must be father and mother both to them till we meet again in glory, by the grace of Him that died for us.' Mother, no stroke or blow ever fell heavier on man than those words of hers fell upon my heart, for they made me understand that death was coming between us. But I have tried to keep my promise to her, and do both father and mother's part to the little ones she left me; and I will not see my son going to the strange country beyond the wide sea, and him but a bouchaleen, out of my sight and care, but never out of my mind. Ireland is not such a poor place as they would make it out. Maurice can try his fortune there as well as in America; the schooling he has got, and his own

abilities too, will fit him for some other profession as genteel as the clerical one, and not so tightly tied up—I mean not so strict and separated from other people's ways; and I'll let no grass grow under my feet till I find something of the sort for him."

"Well, Cormick, maybe you are right; at any rate, you mean to do for the best. The Lord direct and assist all our good intentions. It would grieve me as much as yourself to see the boy going away, and maybe more, for I could never hope to see him again in this world," said old Mrs. O'Dillon; "I would miss any of the children sore, but Maurice the most of all, he is so thoughtful and kindly."

"He is, mother, and so are the whole of them. A better family man never had. It's myself that has a right to be thankful. But one thing has just come across me: Connel stays very late at the fishing this evening; all the rest have come home, I hear them laughing in the best kitchen. But listen, mother," and Cormick started from his chair, "who is that outside inquiring for me?"

THIRTY YEARS OF THE REIGN OF VICTORIA.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY JOHN TIMBS.

X.

To return to the journal, the progress of which I have glanced at, to 1853. This year, the memorable graphic events in the "Illustrated News" were the marriage of the Emperor of the French, the illustrations of which were mostly executed in Paris. French artists, by the way, excel in representing crowds and large bodies of men—as troops on the march. The Dublin Exhibition, with its palace of glass, was next illustrated, and was followed by that of the Palace at Paris; but, just as these "festivals of labour" had reached the gale of their glory, few men divined the "Camp at Chobham" to portend events of a very different cast. Still, the more lasting results of these exhibitions were perpetuated for the people at Sydenham, whither the Great Exhibition was removed from Hyde Park, and forms part of the Crystal Palace, which is larger than its predecessor by 1,628 feet, and nearly one-half in cubic contents. It is loftier than "the Monument on Fish Street Hill," and is placed at the head of the landscape-garden and park planned by Sir Joseph Paxton; and here are gigantic fountains planned and executed by the same master-artist. The Palace cost considerably more than a million of money; it was opened by her Majesty, June 10, 1854. In the next four volumes of the "Illustrated London News," the Crimean war was pictured upon a scale of completeness never before attempted; the reality of the several scenes being insured by competent artists despatched to the principal seats of the great struggle, and wonderfully assisted by photography. Thus were secured maps and plans, panoramic and bird's-eye views; fleets and squadrons of war vessels; encampments, marches, and battles; portraits of the commanders,* and groups of sinewy fighting men;

and battle-scenes, throughout the campaign, from the heights of the Alma to "the valley of death" before Sebastopol, seemingly echoing the sad wail of war. The sale of the journal, at this period, culminated at 200,000 numbers (double sheets) each week. And here I would specially refer to whole-length portraits of the Allied Commanders in the Crimea; of the Council of War and Peace Conference, drawn by G. H. Thomas; the British Fleet, by E. Duncan; and many nautical subjects by Edwin Weedon. One of his triumphs, the Leviathan steamship, stands foremost among these wonders; and its architect, Mr. Scott Russell, when asked as to the success of the representation, is known to have expressed his opinion of its faultlessness. The Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition yielded many fine scenes and objects; as did the coronation of the Emperor of Russia, and the various scenes of the China war. We find the wonders of the electric telegraph extending through one volume, from the making of the wire to the shipping of the cables, thus combining the marvels of the vast and the minute.

Wondrously effective are the large frontispieces to the volumes—as the portrait, printed in colours, of our beloved Queen, in 1857, as seen at the reception of the Guards, in Hyde Park, on their return from the Crimea, from a painting in pastel, enclosed within an oval of national emblems. In the same year, among these large frontispieces was portrayed "Her Majesty opening Parliament," drawn by John Gilbert, and representing the superb interior of the House of Lords, with the Queen seated upon the throne, and reading the royal speech. Leftward is the Prince Consort, in a state chair. The peers and peeresses are also seated, and the individualisation of the assembly is admirably represented by the artist, each having the character of a portrait, the dress and jewellery of the peeresses partaking of this individual character. The sumptuousness of the royal throne is complete in its detail, as well as the oak panelling of the regal chamber; and the reader need not be reminded of the extreme richness of the House of Lords in wrought metal and carved work, all which Mr. Gilbert represented with such fidelity, wanting only its gilding and polychromy to complete the charm of reality. I have always regarded this picture as one of the artist's triumphs; and, although it is of extraordinary dimensions, it has none of the coarseness of some wood engraving, but is full of the delicate finish, picturesque arrangement, and marvellous facility which may be traced in the various drawings which he executed throughout the thirty years of the "Illustrated London News," or from its first number to his relinquishment of this branch of his art.

In the spring of 1871 the Queen was graciously pleased to confer the honour of knighthood upon this distinguished artist shortly after his election to the Presidency of the Old Society of Painters in Water Colours, the honour being "understood as not only conferring well-earned distinction upon an individual, but also as at the same time showing the royal recognition of a very important branch of art in this country."

A portrait of Sir John Gilbert, drawn by himself,

* On the morning of May 15, 1872, the remains of General Sir John Pennefather, G.C.B., late Governor of Chelsea Hospital, were borne to their rest in the Brompton Cemetery. The coffin was borne into the chapel of the hospital, where was a funeral service, at which many of the deceased general's companions in arms were present. The passage from the hospital to the end of the Royal Avenue was lined with Grenadier Guards. A limited number of pensioners attended from the hospital at the cemetery. Sir John Pennefather saw much of Indian

service, and was dangerously wounded at the battle of Meane, being shot through the body. He commanded the second division at the battle of the Alma and the siege of Sebastopol. His horse was killed under him at the battle of Inkerman.

has appeared in the "Illustrated London News," accompanied by a memoir of his artistic career.

The various coloured pictures which have appeared in the "Illustrated London News" within the last seventeen years have been executed by Messrs. Leighton Brothers. Among the most noteworthy is the "Little Red Ridinghood," which so charmed the public that 280,000 were sold at the first issue, and ultimately the circulation reached half a million. The colour-blocks and plates from which this picture was printed had to be renewed again and again. Many celebrated pictures by Sir John Gilbert, George Lance, G. Sant, Mrs. Anderson, and by Le Jeune, J. J. Hill, George Thomas, and other eminent artists, have been reproduced by Messrs. Leighton, and published with the "Illustrated London News" with great success; as have also the coloured pictures issued at Christmas, when the circulation averaged nearly a million sheets of paper, and its average weight 60 tons 11½ cwt., requiring at least thirty wagons to convey it from the publishing office. The above coloured plates are printed by machinery, from a series of zinc, copper, wood, and metal blocks, combining the different colours and tints in perfect register, but being too complicated a process to be more fully described in this limited space.

Of the originator of this journal there appeared, in the "Manchester Guardian," in the spring of 1853, a sketch, entitled, "The Career of an English Letter-printer," whence I select a few characteristics:—Mr. Ingram is of "old family," and will joke about his ancestors, and of his being the "eighth Herbert Ingram" in direct lineal succession. But though his progenitors were good substantial people in Lincolnshire, his father's misfortunes and very early death led to his being bound apprentice to a printer and bookseller at Boston, at the close of which "he went to London and worked as a printer, saving always, self-denying always, working hard always, and determined to achieve better days, and make a figure still. At last he got together money enough to start in business; and in 1833, in partnership with his brother-in-law, he opened a printing-office and shop in Nottingham," Mr. Ingram managing the printing business. As he saved money, he entered into several undertakings, most of which prospered; and next came the idea of the "Illustrated London News," which, with surprising energy, he carried into execution. Avoiding party politics, but adhering to the principle of the journal—*popular illustration*—it shortly became a great success. I have already adverted to these circumstances; but the writer in the "Manchester Guardian" more pertinently says: "The present success of the 'News' is both inherent in the fact of the want it supplies so fully, and attributable to the quick judgment and extraordinary talent of its proprietor. As the profits of the paper increased, he kept on increasing the scope and the number of its attractive features; and this he did as part of his system. 'To defy competition,' he has been heard say (as I can fully attest,) 'you must render competition all but impossible; and to do this, as your profits increase, you must give the public more and more. You must be satisfied with a large income, and give away its increase. It would be easy enough to double your profits for a year or two, by starving your paper, but by that means the public would be alienated, and competitors would spring up and beat you; and thus your gold mine would become a silver mine, or a

copper mine, or no mine at all.' The wisdom of this is illustrated by the success which has attended all similar policy as regards the press." The young bookbinder not only attended to the exterior of books, but by snatches gained what he could from the interior, and thus grew fond of books and their best uses in the nurture of his genius; whilst he never lost sight of Franklin's maxim,—

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

To give the reader any further idea of the progress of this journal in its early years might lead me into esoteric details beyond my purpose; although I have been reproached with being chary of "leading facts of past history." The co-operation of master and man, to which I have before alluded, became an unremitted pursuit of one and the same great object. The field was fresh, and rife with novelty, and I had already gained some ten or fifteen years' experience in popular illustration on a small scale. The present great task, however, demanded wider energies, to illustrate *the news of the day*, than that which was the reverse of news, or the dry bones of antiquity. I had about reached my fortieth year when my new duties commenced as a sort of *locum tenens*, always at home to receive sketches and other contributions from all quarters of the globe, and to beware of that dangerous class of contributors who kept their authority to themselves, proportionally diminishing the worth of their services. The more weighty matters were decided at head-quarters, where the chief maxim was decision. The practice of irresolute deliberation without decision is a parlous error. "What I cannot resolve upon in half an hour," said a great man of a sovereign house, "I cannot resolve upon at all." "Some men," says Bacon, "object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home." The proprietor of the journal before me had none of these failings of irresolution.

In the fellowship of this multicoloured labour I saw much of the everyday life of Mr. Ingram, and it need hardly be added that his activity, enterprise, and energy were unswerving. He was frank and unpretentious; considerate for the shortcomings of others, and deeply sensible of his own. He was generous and confiding; careful of the feelings of others; and he practised the secret of living happily with others by avoiding stock subjects for disputation upon which he disagreed with those about him. His cheerful views of life and nature were very remarkable: he loved a country walk, though he could at the same time enjoy topics of business. His love of young children it was truly delightful to witness. He was pleased, not puffed up, with his own success in the world; and it did not blunt his sympathy for the reverses of others.

I may here relate an incident which possesses a melancholy, if not a predictive, interest. In the autumn of 1853, when Mr. Ingram had just completed the enlargement of his house at Loudwater, near Rickmansworth, I accompanied him one Friday afternoon—my usual leisure-day—to see the improvements. In our walk we noticed a paper-mill in a state of ruin, brought about by dishonest persons of the neighbourhood plundering it whenever they wanted a plank or piece of iron. "This is a sad scene," said I; "a wicked waste." "Yes," rejoined my companion, "'wicked' is the word." The country about here is suggestive, not exhilara-

ting, yet alive and pleasant. But the ruined mill had upset my train of thought, which turned upon the fleetness of existence, which some men cannot bear to think of, since, were they to entertain it, their views might be cut short, and the prospect of fruition be considered so insecure as to lessen if not destroy their inducement to exertion. Our walk ended, I wished my host health and long life to enjoy his "proper house and home," coupling the wish with a second remark on the uncertainty of life. He replied, in a cheerful tone, that had he suffered such a thought to possess him, he should never have got on in the world, the idea being evidently to him an unwelcome intruder, and I said no more on the subject.

At length circumstances led me to give up my stewardship. It was no matter of money that led to this resolution, nor would any have led to its reversal. I had other prospects before me, and I longed to work for myself untrammelled by persons ever ready to take advantage of the confiding and generous nature I have already spoken of. I was asked to reconsider the step I had resolved on, but I respectfully declined to do so. I was then offered an annuity by Mr. Ingram, to mark his sense of my having "contributed more than any other man to help to build up his great property" (of the journal). I felt that I could not consistently accept this offer. This was for me a tristful evening; even the piquancy of my old friend Peter Cunningham (whose "Table Talk" is so fondly remembered) failed to enliven the little circle; and at a late hour I walked moodily home to my comfortable house in Sloane Street.

The three following weeks I passed in my study, in order to alleviate the painful change, reading and annotating Sir Richard Baker's "Chronicle of the Kings of England," a book full of errors, but long the text-book of English history to country gentlemen and their families, and which has given more pleasure, and perhaps diffused more knowledge, than historical works of far higher pretensions. It was at first described as "pleasing to the rabble," meaning by the term "rabble" all persons not eminently learned. I submitted my abridgment of Baker's book to the then editor of the "London Journal," who considered it too learned for his readers; and probably he was right. But my "Baker" had its sweet uses: it kept me at home safe from the intrusion of rude inquirers, and left me the luxury of "giving my whole attention to what I was about."

Early in the following year I had the gratification of meeting Mr. Ingram upon terms of renewed friendship. In the ensuing autumn, at the close of a harassing London season, he visited North America, accompanied by his eldest son, an intelligent boy of fifteen; and there, upon one of its fathomless lakes, in a frightful steamboat collision between a schooner and the "Lady Elgin" steamer, father and son were lost, with nearly three hundred of the crew and passengers. The body of Mr. Ingram was washed ashore about sixteen miles from Chicago, just at the time that one of his friends, Mr. Hayward, had arrived at the spot. Every effort was made to restore life, but in vain. His remains were, amidst the sorrowing sympathies of hundreds of followers, even in this far-distant region, embarked for England, and interred with public honours in the cemetery of his native town, Boston, where, subsequently, a portrait statue was set up by public subscription almost upon

the spot where he began his career of useful exertion and well-earned success.

The details of the above great catastrophe were fully recorded at the time. It was the most calamitous wreck that had befallen any vessel since the loss of the steamship "Central America," on her passage from Aspinwall to New York in 1857; it was also stated to have been the most destructive wreck known upon the lakes of the American Continent.

This year (1853), while hunting in Barnard's Inn, Holborn, where I had previously lived, I gathered some instructing information about the inn. The ancient hall, maintained in the olden taste, is the smallest of the London inns; it is but 36 feet long, 22 feet wide, and 36 feet high. In 1805 there died in his chamber in this inn, Peter Woulfe, the eminent chemist (and alchemist), and a Fellow of the Royal Society. Dr. Price, of Guildford, is commonly set down in popular journals as *the last of the alchemists*, but the last true believer was Peter Woulfe, who made experiments to show the nature of mosaic gold. Mr. Brande says: "It is to be regretted that no biographical memoir has been preserved of Woulfe. I have picked up a few anecdotes respecting him from two or three friends who were his acquaintance. He occupied chambers in Barnard's Inn, Holborn (the older buildings), while residing in London, and usually spent the summer in Paris. His rooms, which were extensive, were so filled with furnaces and apparatus that it was difficult to reach his fireside." Sir Humphrey Davy tells us that Woulfe used to affix written prayers, and inscriptions of recommendation of his processes to Providence. Dr. Babington told Mr. Brande that he once put down his hat among Woulfe's apparatus, and could never find it again, such was the confusion of boxes, packages, and parcels that lay about the room. His breakfast hour was four in the morning. A few of his select friends were occasionally invited to this repast, to whom a secret signal was given, by which they gained entrance, knocking a certain number of times at the inner door of his apartment. Woulfe had long vainly searched for the Elixir, and attributed his repeated failure to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Whenever he wished to break an acquaintance, or felt himself offended, he resented the supposed injury by sending a present to the offender, and never seeing him afterwards. These presents were sometimes of a curious description, and consisted usually of some expensive chemical product or preparation. He had a heroic remedy for illness: when he felt himself seriously disposed, he took a place in the Edinburgh mail, and having reached that city, immediately came back in the returning coach to London. A cold taken in one of these expeditions terminated in inflammation of the lungs, of which Woulfe died. Of his last moments I received the following information, obligingly communicated in writing by the treasurer of the inn:—

"Mr. Hunt was perfectly well acquainted with Mr. Peter Woulfe, who lived in this inn, at No. 2, two pair of stairs, where in fact he died.

"Mr. Hunt was a subscribing witness to his will. He was a tall thin man, and was very religious. His last moments were remarkable; he desired Mrs. Drake, his old laundress (who was also very well known to Mr. Hunt), to shut up his chambers, and leave him to himself, which she accordingly did. She, how-

ever, returned to him at twelve o'clock at night, but he was not then dead. In the morning, however, she found him gone, with a perfectly calm and serene look, not having moved from the position she had last seen him in." Woulfe's apparatus, much employed in chemical operations, may have saved his name from oblivion, and yet the arrangement appeared to have been first devised by Glauber, though, probably, unknown to Woulfe, and a representation of it is given at the end of the preface to Glauber's works (folio, 1689).

Before I leave matters alchemical, I may note that on the east side of Catherine Street, a few doors from the Strand, for many years one John Denley kept shop as a bookseller, who, in the introduction to Sir Edward Bulwer's "Zanoni," first published in 1842, is cleverly sketched as the author's old friend, Mr. D—, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, who is said to have possessed "the most notable collection ever amassed by an enthusiast of the works of Alchemist, Cabalist, and Astrologer." The "vindictive glare," "uneasy vigilance," and the frowning and groaning of the anti-bookseller (for it absolutely went to his heart when a customer entered his shop), are all very characteristic. Many a time, half a century ago, have I seen Denley gloating over his musty unsaleable treasures, in the collection of which this eccentric being is said to have expended a fortune. About this time it came to my knowledge that a gentleman of wealth and position in the city of London, an adept in alchemy, was held in *terrorem* by an unprincipled person, who extorted from him considerable sums of money under threats of exposure, which might have affected his mercantile credit.

Of later years have been some strange revivals of alchemical pursuits. In 1850 there was printed in London a volume, of considerable extent, entitled, "A Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery"—the work of a lady, by whom, however, it has been suppressed. I have heard it described, by a competent man of letters, as "a learned and valuable book." And alchemy has, in the present day, its prophetic advocates, who predict a return to its strangest belief. A Göttingen professor avers, in the "Annals de Chimie," No. 100, that in the nineteenth century the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practised.

Long residence in Gray's Inn (at intervals from 1836 to 1866), rendered me tolerably familiar with the celebrities and interesting sites of that famous inn. Francis Bacon, after his downfall, when he had parted with York House, resided, during his visits to London, at his old chambers in Gray's Inn. He is traditionally said to have lived in the large house facing Gray's Inn Walk, whence Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, is reported to have frequently sent him home-brewed beer from his house in Holborn. Basil Montagu, however, fixes Bacon's chambers on the site of No. 1, Gray's Inn Square, first floor; and Lord Campbell speculatively states that Bacon's chambers "remain in the same state as when he occupied them, and are still visited by those who worship his memory." I am sorry to demolish this dream of hero-worship, but the house, No. 1, Gray's Inn Square, was burnt in an accidental fire, February 17, 1679, with several other chambers, as may be gathered from the "Historian's Guide," third edition, 1688; and in the books of Gray's Inn is the copy of a letter addressed to the heroic Earl of Craven, (who at this date commanded Charles II's "Fourth Regi-

ment of Foot,") thanking his lordship for the aid of the soldiery in extinguishing the conflagration at Gray's Inn Square. Lord Craven will be remembered for the services which he rendered to the metropolis. Pennant tells us that "he was so indefatigable in preventing the ravages of the frequent fires of those days, that it was said his very horse smelt it out." On the wall at the bottom of Craven Buildings, Drury Lane, there was formerly a fresco painting of the Earl of Craven, who was represented in armour, mounted on a charger, with a truncheon in his hand. This portrait was twice or thrice repainted.

RICHARD BAXTER AT KIDDERMINSTER.

IV.

BAXTER'S CHAIR.

THE chair, shown in my page sketch, is preserved in the vestry of the parish church, Kidderminster, and appears to be a genuine relic, and was probably used by Baxter. It is handsome and substantial, and on its back panel has the inscription, somewhat rudely carved, "REV. RD. BAXTER, born nr. Shrewsbury, in 1615, and died at London in 1691. Chaplain to King Charles II, Revd. T. Doolittle, M.A., Sr. H. Ashurst, Bt., Kidderminster. A. 1650. D." This chair was discovered in, and purchased from, a London "old curiosity shop," by Henry Saunders, jun., Esq., then town clerk of Kidderminster, and placed by the late vicar in the vestry of the parish church. A short time before I made my sketch of it, a too enthusiastic Scotsman had (in a momentary absence of the clerk) cut off a piece of wood from the seat of the chair, in order to preserve it as a relic of Richard Baxter. The above-named Rev. Thomas Doolittle is mentioned by Baxter as one of the Nonconformists who, after the great fire of London, set up separate public meetings; and afterwards, in giving the characters of some of the silenced ministers, he says, "Mr. Thomas Doolittle, born in Kidderminster, is a good Schollar, a godly man, of an upright Life, and moderate Principles, and a very profitable serious Preacher." He would seem to have been one of those who were educated under Baxter's ministry, for in the registers of the parish church I found the following entry: "Thomas Doolittle, January, 1646. The 17th day bapt. Thomas ye sonne of Thomas Doolittle." To the Sir Henry Ashurst, Bart., above-mentioned, Sylvester dedicated his "Reliquiæ Baxterianæ," 1696, wherein he says that it is well known how great a veneration Baxter had for Sir Henry's "deceased father, whom he took to be one of the liveliest instances and emblems of primitive Christianity that ever he was acquainted with." He also stood by Baxter in the day of his trial and distress; paid the fees for his six counsel, and, when the trial before Judge Jefferies was over, led Baxter through the crowd, and conveyed him away in his coach. Sir Henry's father was a draper in the city, an alderman and treasurer of the New England Corporation, and he, with twenty others, desired Baxter to preach a lecture in Milk Street, for which they promised him £40 a year, though they were "silenced" within the year. Mr. Ashurst was very active in soliciting alms for the sufferers by the great fire of London, and when he died in 1681, Baxter preached his funeral sermon. Sir Henry Ashurst was Baxter's

executor, and it is possible that "Baxter's chair" may have originally belonged to him. There is yet another "Baxter's chair," possessed by Pemberton Talbot, Esq., of Kidderminster, who purchased it at a broker's shop in Cheltenham. (Is it possible that there is a

trait, of which the family have lost all particulars, since it became the property of the Rev. Samuel Fawcett, and, at his death, was sold with his library and other effects. It would be desirable to know the whereabouts of this Fawcett portrait, which



RICHARD BAXTER IN HIS OLD AGE.

(From the original, exhibited at the National Portrait Gallery, South Kensington.)

manufacture of Baxter relics?) It bears the date 1650, and has this inscription, beneath a curious carving that appears to represent the ceremony of adult baptism: "Rev. Richard Baxter, M.A., Chapline to Kinge Charles ye II, Kidderminster."

PORTRAITS OF BAXTER.

Near to Baxter's pulpit, in the vestry of the New Meeting, hangs a fine impression of Spilsbury's mezzotint (published August 1, 1763) of "the reverend and learned Mr. Richard Baxter," taken from the original picture in the possession of the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett, of Kidderminster. An etching from this picture is given in Nash's "History of Worcestershire; which further states that "an original picture of Mr. Baxter was in the possession of the late Rev. Thomas Doolittle, M.A., till the year 1707, and from that time in the hands of his grandson, Samuel Sheafe, of London, 1763." I can neither trace this picture nor the Fawcett por-

would appear to be equally valuable with, and almost a counterpart of, the famous portrait of Baxter in Dr. Williams' library. This picture came by bequest in 1751 from Mrs. Martha Oakes, relict of the Rev. John Oakes, of Cheshunt, grandson of one of the ejected in 1662, and also the possessor of a teapot and silver candlestick that had once belonged to Baxter; and it has been so often engraved, in Orme, and elsewhere, that it must be well known. A third portrait, of the same type, yet from a different picture, is that engraved by Caldwell for Palmer's "Memorials," and mentioned as being "in possession of the Rev. Mr. Spilsbury." These three portraits ought to be studied by the sculptor of the Kidderminster memorial; for they evidently represent Baxter in his prime, dating to the period of his Kidderminster life, when, among his other advantages, he enumerates "the acceptance of his person;" and they depict him with that "piercing eye" and "countenance composed and grave, yet somewhat inclining to smile," of which

Sylvester speaks. It is, indeed, a very comely physiognomy, and one that is full of character no less than kindness. He is represented as wearing a slight moustache, but no beard; while he is anything but "a crop-headed Roundhead" as to his hair, which falls low upon his neck, as did Milton's, with many a wave. The picture from Dr. Williams' library was exhibited (by Mr. Albert Way, F.S.A.) at the meeting of the Archæological Association, at Worcester, in 1862, together with the portrait of Baxter, preserved in the vestry of the Independent Chapel (Old Meeting) at Kidderminster. Of the latter picture, which has never before been engraved, I have given a fac-simile in my page sketch, from a photograph kindly made for me by Mr. Albert Way. I have his authority for saying that, although the many engraved portraits of Baxter are slightly varied, yet they may all be reduced to the two types represented by these two pictures—the old gaunt-looking divine, with the hooked nose and short beard, and the more comely physiognomy of the type in Dr. Williams' library. The beard, it is to be noticed, was only worn by Baxter in the last period of his life, and is a characteristic of his old age, and of the second type of portrait. The picture in the Independent Chapel at Kidderminster bears the date of 1691, the last year of Baxter's life, when he had attained the age of seventy-five—the inscription on the picture being as follows:—"Richardi Baxteri, Ministri Jesu Christi, ætatis sue LXXV. Anno 1691." Mr. Albert Way pronounces this portrait to be an original; but its pedigree cannot be traced. A brass plate attached to the frame of the picture (whose canvas measures twenty-nine by twenty-four inches) informs us that "This portrait of the excellent Mr. Baxter was presented to the friends of the Old Meeting by William Butler Best, Esquire, of Blakebrook House;" who told me that, about forty years ago, the household effects of a person in London were made over to him, in payment of a debt, and that in a garret, begrimed with dust and dirt, was a rolled-up piece of old canvas, which resolved itself into this portrait of Baxter. Can it be the Sheafe portrait? It is of the same type as that from which R. White has made so many engravings, and in which he made slight differences, merely, as seems probable, to avoid giving duplicates in different works. It most resembles that portrait engraved by R. White in 1696, for the frontispiece to the "*Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*," and which is labelled, "*Vera effigies Richardi Baxteri, Ministri Jesu Christi.*" This portrait was copied by Vertue in "*Calamy's Abridgment.*" One of the engraved portraits by White bears the following inscription and verses:—"Vera effigies Richardi Baxteri, min. Jes. Ch. in Op^e. et Pat^e. Fidei. Spei. et charitatis. An. 1677. ætatis sue 72."

"Nos quoque florumus, sed flos fait ille caducus
Flaminaque de stipulâ nostra brevique fuit."

'Farewell, vaine world as thou hast bin to me
Dust and a Shadow : those I leave with thee :
The unseen vitall substance I committ
To him that's Substance, Life, Light, Love, to it.
The Leaves and Fruit are dropt, for soyle and seed,
Heaven's heirs to generate : to heale and feed :
Them also thou wilt flatter and molest
But shalt not keep from Everlasting Rest."

There is a portrait in oils of Baxter in the British Museum, in an inaccessible situation, over the cases of stuffed birds; but, so far as can be seen, it does

not offer a new type. In the vestry of the parish church, Kidderminster, is another small portrait in oils, of the later type of portrait, representing Baxter with his beard, and bearing the inscription, "Richardus Baxter, S.T.P., ætatis sue 75, anno 1691." It appears to be an old picture, but it is very coarsely executed, and may have been a clumsy copy of one of the engraved portraits.

Such, then, are the memorials preserved at Kidderminster, of that truly great and eminent man, whom the town now seeks to honour with a statue. And right well does he deserve any outward sign of respect and regard that can there be paid him, for Richard Baxter loved Kidderminster as he never loved any other place; its people had the highest place in his affections; he passed the prime of his life in ministering to them, and he superadded to his labours the writing of some sixty works, including the "*Reformed Pastor*," the "*Call to the Unconverted*," and "*The Saints' Everlasting Rest*," books which are as widespread as the globe itself. "What works of Baxter should I read?" said Boswell to Dr. Johnson. "Read any of them; they are all good," was the emphatic reply. But the books written at Kidderminster comprehend those which are most often read and which have been found most profitable to the readers. "Who," said the Bishop of Peterborough, at the close of his eloquent lecture on Baxter, on January 23rd—"who would care to lay aside a work like '*The Saints' Everlasting Rest*'? Who would part with Baxter's devotional writings? They were now to be seen, and I have seen them, placed in the cottage window, by the side of the old family Bible or Fox's '*Book of Martyrs*,' and many could think how, by his words, they had gathered strength to carry them through poverty and old age. These were precious things that Baxter had given to Christendom; and, looking back to those stormy times in which he lived, we might see, rising above the dust and tumult of the conflict, that ensign of truth which men still carry forth in their wars of good against bad, right against wrong, righteousness against sin and misery. And, looking back over the raging sea of contention, its great waves seemed to dwindle into little more than ripples; and we should earnestly desire that when our time came for departing this life, we might be enabled to look back on a life as holy and blessed as was his, and that our souls might be with the soul of Richard Baxter."

PRIMITIVE MAN.

CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO MODERN THEORIES AS TO HIS ORIGIN.

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IV.—THE GEOLOGICAL AND ZOOLOGICAL CONDITIONS OF THE ADVENT OF MAN, AS EXPLAINED BY THEORIES OF DERIVATION.

IN the previous papers we have seen that, on general grounds, evolution as applied to man is untenable; and that the theory of creation is more rational and less liable to objection. We may now consider how the geological and zoological conditions of man's advent on the earth accord with evolution; and I think we shall find, as might be expected, that they oppose great if not fatal difficulties to this hypothesis.

One of the first and most important facts with reference to the appearance of man, is that he is a very recent animal, dating no farther back in geological time than the Post-glacial period, at the close of the Tertiary and beginning of the Modern era of geology. Further, inasmuch as the oldest known remains of man occur along with those of animals which still exist, and the majority of which are probably not of older date, there is but slender probability that any much older human remains will ever be found. Now this has a bearing on the question of the derivation of man, which, though it has not altogether escaped the attention of the evolutionists, has not met with sufficient consideration.

Perhaps the oldest known human skull is that which has been termed the "Engis" skull, from the cave of Engis, in Belgium. With reference to this skull, Professor Huxley has candidly admitted that it may have belonged to an individual of one of the existing races of men. I have a cast of it on the same shelf with the skulls of some Algonquin Indians, from the aboriginal Hochelaga, which preceded Montreal; and any one acquainted with cranial characters would readily admit that the ancient Belgian may very well have been an American Indian; while on the other hand his head is not very dissimilar from that of some modern European races. This Belgian man is believed to have lived before the mammoth and the cave-bear had passed away, yet he does not belong to an extinct species or even variety of man.

Further, as stated in a previous article, Pictet catalogues ninety-eight species of mammals which inhabited Europe in the Post-glacial period. Of these fifty-seven still exist unchanged, and the remainder have disappeared. Not one can be shown to have been modified into a new form, though some of them have been obliged, by changes of temperature and other conditions, to remove into distant and now widely separated regions. Further, it would seem that all the existing European mammals extended back in geological time at least as far as man, so that since the Post-glacial period no new species have been introduced in any way. Here we have a series of facts of the most profound significance. Fifty-seven parallel lines of descent have in Europe run on along with man, from the Post-glacial period, without change or material modification of any kind. Some of them extend without change even farther back. Thus man and his companion-mammals present a series of lines not converging, as if they pointed to some common progenitor, but forming a strictly parallel series. In other words, if they are derived forms, their point of derivation from a common type is pushed back infinitely in geological time. The absolute duration of the human species does not affect this argument. If man has existed only six or seven thousand years, still at the beginning of his existence he was as distinct from lower animals as he is now, and shows no signs of gradation into other forms. If he has really endured since the great Glacial period, and is to be regarded as a species of a hundred thousand years' continuance, still the fact is the same, and is, if possible, less favourable to derivation.

Similar facts meet us in other directions. I have for many years occupied a little of my leisure in collecting the numerous species of molluscs and other marine animals existing in a sub-fossil state in the Post-pliocene clays of Canada, and comparing them with their modern successors. I do not know how

long these animals have lived. Some of them certainly go far back into the Tertiary; and recent computations would place even the Glacial age at a distance from us of more than a thousand centuries. Yet after carefully studying more than a hundred species, and, of some of these, many hundreds of specimens, I have arrived at the conclusion that they are absolutely unchanged. Some of them, it is true, are variable shells, presenting as many and great varieties as the human race itself; yet I find that in the Post-pliocene even the varieties of each species were the same as now, though the great changes of temperature and elevation which have occurred, have removed many of them to distant places, and have made them become locally extinct in regions over which they once spread. Here again we have an absolute refusal, on the part of all these molluscs, to admit that they are derived, or have tended to sport into new species. This is also, it is to be observed, altogether independent of that imperfection of the geological record, of which so much is made; since we have abundance of these shells in the Post-pliocene beds, and in the Modern seas, and no one doubts their continued descent. To what does this point? Evidently to the conclusion that all these species show no indication of derivation, or tendency to improve, but move back in parallel lines to some unknown creative origin.

If it be objected to this conclusion that absence of derivation in the Post-pliocene and Modern does not prove that it may not previously have occurred, the answer is, that if the evolutionist admits that for a very long period (and this the only one of which we have any certain knowledge, and the only one which concerns man) derivation has been suspended, he in effect abandons his position. It may, however, be objected that what I have above affirmed of species may be affirmed of varieties, which are admitted to be derived. For example, it may be said that the negro variety of man has existed unchanged from the earliest historic times. It is curious that those who so often urge this argument as an evidence of the great antiquity of man, and the slow development of races, do not see that it proves too much. If the negro has been the same identical negro as far back as we can trace him, then his origin must have been independent, and of the nature of a creation, or else his duration as a negro must have been indefinite. What it does prove is a fact equally obvious from the study of Post-pliocene molluscs and other fossils, namely, that new species tend rapidly to vary to the utmost extent of their possible limits, and then to remain stationary for an indefinite time. Whether this results from an innate yet limited power of expansion in the species, or from the relations between it and external influences, it is a fact absolutely inconsistent with the gradual evolution of new species. Hence we conclude that the recent origin of man, as revealed by geology, is, in connection with the above facts, an absolute bar to the doctrine of derivation.

A second datum furnished to this discussion by geology and zoology is the negative one that no link of connection is known between man and any preceding animal. If we gather his bones and his implements from the ancient gravel-beds and cave-earths, we do not find them associated with any creature near of kin, nor do we find any such creature in those rich Tertiary beds which have yielded so great harvests of mammalian bones. In the modern world we find nothing nearer to him than such an-

thropoid apes as the oranges and gorillas. But these apes, however nearly allied, cannot be the ancestors of man. If at all related to him by descent, they are his brethren or cousins, not his parents; for they must, on the evolutionist hypothesis, be themselves the terminal ends of distinct lines of derivation from previous forms.

This difficulty is not removed by an appeal to the imperfection of the geological record. So many animals contemporary with man are known, both at the beginning of his geological history and in the present world, that it would be more than marvellous if no very near relative had ere this time been discovered at one extreme or the other, or at some portion of the intervening ages. Further, all the animals contemporary with man in the Post-glacial period, so far as is known, are in the same case. Discoveries of this kind may, however, still be made, and we may give the evolutionist the benefit of the possibility. We may affirm, however, that in order to gain a substratum of fact for his doctrine, he must find somewhere in the later Tertiary period animals much nearer to man than are the present anthropoid apes.

This demand I make advisedly—first, because the animals in question must precede man in geological time; and secondly, because the apes, even if they preceded man, instead of being contemporary with him, are not near enough to fulfil the required conditions. What is the actual fact with regard to these animals, so confidently affirmed to resemble some not very remote ancestors of ours? Zoologically they are not varieties of the same species with man—they are not species of the same genus, nor do they belong to genera of the same family, or even to families of the same order. These animals are at least ordinally distinct from us in those grades of groups in which naturalists arrange animals. I am well aware that an attempt has been made to group man, apes, and lemurs in one order of "Primates," and thus to reduce their difference to the grade of the family; but as put by its latest and perhaps most able advocate, the attempt is a decided failure. One has only to read the concluding chapter of Huxley's new book on the anatomy of the vertebrates to be persuaded of this, more especially if we can take into consideration, in addition to the many differences indicated, others which exist but are not mentioned by the author. Ordinal distinctions among animals are mainly dependent on grade or rank, and are not to be broken down by obscure differences of internal anatomy, having no relation to this point, but to physiological features of very secondary importance. Man must, on all grounds, rank much higher above the apes than they can do above any other order of mammals. Even if we refuse to recognise all higher grounds of classification, and condescend, with some great geologists of our time, to regard nature with the eyes of mere anatomists, or in the same way that a bricklayer's apprentice may be supposed to regard distinctions of architectural styles, we can arrive at no other conclusion. Let us imagine an anatomist, himself neither a man nor a monkey, but a being of some other grade, and altogether ignorant of the higher ends and powers of our species, to contemplate merely the skeleton of a man and that of an ape. He must necessarily deduce therefrom an ordinal distinction, even on the one ground of the correlations and modifications of structure implied in the erect position. It would indeed be sufficient for this purpose to consider merely the balancing of the skull on the neck,

or the structure of the foot, and the consequences fairly deducible from either of them. Nay, were such imaginary anatomist a derivationist, and ignorant of the geological date of his specimens, and as careless of the differences in respect to brain as some of his human confreres, he might, referring to the less specialised condition of man's teeth and foot, conclude not that man is an improved ape, but that the ape is a specialised and improved man. He would be obliged, however, even in this hypothesis, to admit that there must be a host of missing links. Nor would these be supplied by the study of the living races of men, because these want even specific distinctness, and differ from the apes essentially in those points on which an ordinal distinction can be fairly based.

This isolated position of man throughout the whole period of his history, grows in importance the more that it is studied, and can scarcely be the result of any accident of defective preservation of intermediate forms. In the meantime, when taken in connection with the fact previously stated, that man is equally isolated when he first appears on the stage, it deprives evolution, as applied to our species, of any precise scientific basis, whether zoological or geological.

I do not attach any importance whatever, in this connection, to the likeness in type or plan between man and other mammals. Evolutionists are in the habit of taking for granted that this implies derivation, and of reasoning as if the fact that the human skeleton is constructed on the same principles as that of an ape or a dog, must have some connection with a common ancestry of these animals. This is, however, as is usual with them, begging the question. Creation admits of similarity of plan as well as evolution. When Stephenson constructed a locomotive, he availed himself of the principles and of many of the contrivances of previous engines; but this does not imply that he took a mine-engine, or a marine-engine, and converted it into a railroad-engine. Type or plan, whether in nature or art, may imply merely a mental evolution of ideas in the maker, not a derivation of one object from another.

But while man is related in his type of structure to the higher animals, his contemporaries, it is undeniable that there are certain points in which he constitutes a new type; and if this consideration were properly weighed, I believe it would induce zoologists, notwithstanding the proverbial humility of the true man of science, to consider themselves much more widely separated from the brutes than even by the ordinal distinction above referred to. I would state this view of the matter thus:—It is in the lower animals a law that the bodily frame is provided with all necessary means of defence and attack, and with all necessary protection against external influences and assailants. In a very few cases we have partial exceptions to this. A hermit-crab, for instance, has the hinder part of its body unprotected, and has, instead of armour, the instinct of using the cast-off shells of molluscs; yet even this animal has the usual strong claws of a crustacean, for defence in front. There are only a very few animals in which instinct thus takes the place of physical contrivances for defence or attack, and in these we find merely the usual unvarying instincts of the irrational animal. But in man, what is the rare exception in all other animals, becomes the rule. He has no means of escape from danger, compared with those enjoyed by other ani-

mals—no defensive armour, no natural protection from cold or heat, no effective weapons for attacking other animals. These disabilities would make him the most helpless of creatures, especially when taken in connection with his slow growth and long immaturity. His safety and his dominion over other animals are secured by entirely new means, constituting a "new departure" in creation. Contrivances and inventive power, enabling him to utilise the objects and forces of nature, replace in him the material powers bestowed on lower animals. Obviously the structure of the human being is related to this, and so related to it as to place man on a different category altogether from any other animal.

This consideration makes the derivation of man from brutes difficult to imagine. None of these latter appear even able to conceive or understand the modes of life and action of man. They do not need to attempt to emulate his powers, for they are themselves provided for in a different manner. They have no progressive nature like that of a man. Their relations to things without are altogether limited to their structures and instincts. Man's relations are limited only to his powers of knowing and understanding. How then is it possible to conceive of an animal which is, so to speak, a mere living machine, parting with the physical contrivances necessary to its existence, and assuming the new rôle of intelligence and free action?

This becomes still more striking if we adopt the view usually taken by evolutionists, that primitive man was a ferocious and carnivorous creature, warring with and overcoming the powerful animals of the Post-glacial period, and contending with the rigours of a severe climate. This could certainly not be inferred from his structure, interpreted by that of the lower animals, which would inevitably lead to the conclusion that he must have been a harmless and frugivorous creature, fitted to subsist only in the mildest climates, and where exempt from the attacks of the more powerful carnivorous animals. No one reasoning on the purely physical constitution of man, could infer that he might be a creature more powerful and ferocious than the lion or the tiger.

It is also worthy of mention that the existence of primitive man as a savage hunter is, in another point of view, absolutely opposed to the Darwinian idea of his origin from a frugivorous ape. These creatures, while comparatively inoffensive, conform to the general law of lower animals in having strong jaws and powerful canines for defence, hand-like feet to aid them in securing food and escaping from their enemies, and hairy clothing to protect them from cold and heat. On the hypothesis of evolution we might conceive that if these creatures were placed in some Eden of genial warmth, peace, and plenty, which rendered those appliances unnecessary, they might gradually lose these now valuable structures, from want of necessity to use them. But, on the contrary, if such creatures were obliged to contend against powerful enemies, and to feed on flesh, all analogy would lead us to believe that they would become in their structures more like carnivorous beasts than men. On the other hand, the anthropoid apes, in the circumstances in which we find them, are not only as unprogressive as other animals, but little fitted to extend their range, and less gifted with the power of adapting themselves to new conditions than many other mammals less resembling man in external form.

On the Darwinian theory, such primitive men as

geology reveals to us would be more likely to have originated from bears than apes, and we would be tempted to wish that man should become extinct, and that the chance should be given to the mild chimpanzee or orang to produce by natural selection an improved and less ferocious humanity for the future.

The only rational hypothesis of human origin in the present state of our knowledge of this subject is, that man must have been produced under some circumstances in which animal food was not necessary to him, in which he was exempt from the attacks of the more formidable animals, and in less need of protection from the inclemency of the weather than is the case with any modern apes; and that his life as a hunter and warrior began after he had by his knowledge and skill secured to himself the means of subduing nature by force and cunning. This implies that man was from the first a rational being, capable of understanding nature, and it accords much more nearly with the old story of Eden in the book of Genesis, than with any modern theories of evolution.

It is due to Mr. Wallace—who, next to Darwin, has been a leader among English derivationists—to state that he perceives this difficulty. As a believer in natural selection, however, it presents itself to his mind in a peculiar form. He perceives that so soon as, by the process of evolution, man became a rational creature, and acquired his social sympathies, physical evolution must cease, and must be replaced by invention, contrivance, and social organisation. This is at once obvious and undeniable, and it follows that the natural selection applicable to man, as man, must relate purely to his mental and moral improvement. Wallace, however, fails to comprehend the full significance of this feature of the case. Given, a man destitute of clothing, he may never acquire such clothing by natural selection, because he will provide an artificial substitute. He will evolve not into a hairy animal, but into a weaver and a tailor. Given, a man destitute of claws and fangs, he will not acquire these, but will manufacture weapons. But then, on the hypothesis of derivation, this is not what is given us as the raw material of man, but instead of this a hairy ape. Admitting the power of natural selection, we might understand how this ape could become more hairy, or acquire more formidable weapons, as it became more exposed to cold, or more under the necessity of using animal food; but that it should of itself leave this natural line of development and enter on the entirely different line of mental progress is not conceivable, except as a result of creative intervention.

Absolute materialists may make light of this difficulty, and may hold that this would imply merely a change of brain; but even if we admit this, they fail to show of what use such better brain would be to a creature retaining the bodily form and instincts of the ape, or how such better brain could be acquired. But evolutionists are not necessarily absolute materialists, and Darwin himself labours to show that the reasoning self-conscious mind, and even the moral sentiments of man, might be evolved from rudiments of such powers, perceptible in the lower animals. There, however, he leaves the court of natural science, properly so called, and summons us to appear before the judgment-seat of philosophy; and as naturalists are often bad mental philosophers, and philosophers have often small knowledge of nature, some advantage results, in the first instance, to the doubtful cause of evolution. Since, however, mental science makes

much more of the distinctions between the mind of man and the instinct of animals than naturalists, accustomed to deal merely with the external organism, can be expected to do, the derivationist, when his plea is fairly understood, is quite as certain to lose his cause as when tried by geology and zoology. He might indeed be left here to be dealt with by mental science on its own ground; and as our province is to look at the matter from the stand-point of natural history, we might here close our inquiry. It may, however, be proper to give some slight notion of the width of the gulf to be passed when we suppose the mechanical, unconscious, repetitive nature of the animal to pass over into the condition of an intellectual and moral being.

If we take, as the most favourable case for the evolutionist, the most sagacious of the lower animals—the dog, for example—and compare it with the least elevated condition of the human mind, as observed in the child or the savage, we shall find that even here there is something more than that “immense difference in degree,” which Darwin himself admits. Making every allowance for similarities in external sense, in certain instinctive powers and appetites, and even in the power of comparison, and in certain passions and affections; and admitting, though we cannot be quite certain of this, that in these man differs from animals only in degree; there remain other and more important differences, amounting to the possession, on the part of man, of powers not existing at all in animals. Of this kind are—first, the faculty of reaching abstract and general truth, and consequently of reasoning, in the proper sense of the term; secondly, in connection with this, the power of indefinite increase in knowledge, and in deductions therefrom leading to practical results; thirdly, the power of expressing thought in speech; fourthly, the power of arriving at ideas of right and wrong, and thus becoming a responsible and free agent. Lastly, we have the conception of higher spiritual intelligence, of supreme power and divinity, and the consequent feeling of religious obligation. These powers are evidently different in kind, rather than in degree, from those of the brute, and cannot be conceived to have arisen from the latter, more especially as one of the distinctive characters of these is their purely cyclical, repetitive, and unprogressive nature.

Sir John Lubbock has, by a great accumulation of facts, or supposed facts, bearing on the low mental condition of savages, endeavoured to bridge over this chasm. It is obvious, however, from his own data, that the rudest savages are enabled to subsist only by the exercise of intellectual gifts far higher than those of animals, and that if these gifts were removed from them they would inevitably perish. It is equally clear that even the lowest savages are moral agents, and that not merely in their religious beliefs and conceptions of good and evil, but also in their moral degradation, they show capacities not possessed by the brutes. It is also true that most of these savages are quite as little likely to be specimens of primitive man as are the higher races, and that many of them have fallen to so low a level as to be scarcely capable, of themselves, of rising to a condition of culture and civilisation. Thus they are more likely to be degraded races, in “the eddy and backwater of humanity,” than examples of the sources from whence it flowed. And here it must not be lost sight of that a being like man has capacities for degradation commensurate with his capacities for improvement, and that at any point of

his history we may have to seek the analogues of primeval man rather in the average than the extremes of the race.

Before leaving this subject it may be well to consider the fact that the occurrence of such a being as man in the last stages of the world's history is, in itself, an argument for the existence of a Supreme Creator. Man is himself an image and likeness of God; and the fact that he can establish relations with nature around him, so as to understand and control its powers, implies either that he has been evolved as a soul of nature, by its own blind development, or that it has originated in the action of a higher being related to man. The former supposition has been above shown to be altogether improbable, so that we are necessarily thrown back upon the latter. We must thus regard man himself as the highest known work of a spiritual creator, and must infer that he rightly uses his reason when he infers from nature the power and divinity of God.

The last point that I think necessary to bring forward here is the information which geology gives as to the locality of the introduction of man. There can be no hesitation in affirming that to the temperate regions of the old continent belongs the honour of being the cradle of humanity. In these regions are the oldest historical monuments of our race; here geology finds the most ancient remains of human beings; here also seems to be the birthplace of the fauna and flora most useful and congenial to man, and here he attains to his highest pitch of mental and physical development. This, it is true, by no means accords with the methods of the derivationists. On their theory we should search for the origin of man rather in those regions where he is most depauperated and degraded, and where his struggles for existence are most severe. But it is surely absurd to affirm of any species of animal or plant that it must have originated at the limits of its range, where it can scarcely exist at all. On the contrary, common sense as well as science requires us to believe that species must have originated in those central parts of their distribution where they enjoy the most favourable circumstances, and must have extended themselves thence as far as external conditions would permit. One of the most wretched varieties of the human race, and as near as any to the brutes, is that which inhabits Terra del Fuego, a country which scarcely affords any of the means for the comfortable sustenance of man. Would it not be absolutely impossible that man should have originated in such a country? Is it not certain, on the contrary, that the Fuegian is merely a degraded variety of the aboriginal American race? Precisely the same argument applies to the Austral negro and the Hottentot. They are all naturally the most aberrant varieties of man, as being at the extreme range of his possible extension, and placed in conditions unfavourable, either because of unsuitable climatal or organic associations. It is true that the regions most favourable to the anthropoid apes, and in which they may be presumed to have originated, are by no means the most favourable to man; but this only makes it the less likely that man could have been derived from such a parentage.

While, therefore, the geological date of the appearance of man, the want of any link of connection between him and any preceding animal, and his dissimilar bodily and mental constitution from any creatures contemporary with him, render his deriva-

tion from apes or other inferior animals in the highest degree improbable, the locality of his probable origin confirms this conclusion in the strongest manner. It also shows that man and the higher apes are not likely to have originated in the same regions, or under the same conditions, and that the conditions of human origin are rather the coincidence of suitable climatal and organic surroundings than the occurrence of animals closely related in structure to man.

Changes of conditions in geological time will not meet this difficulty. They might lead to migrations, as they have done in the case of both plants and animals, but not to anything further. The hyena, whose bones are found in the English caves, has been driven by geological changes to South Africa, but he is still the same hyena. The reindeer which once roamed in France is still the reindeer in Lapland; and though under different geological conditions we might imagine the creature to have originated in the south of Europe, a country not now suitable to it, this would neither give reason to believe that any animal now living in the south of Europe was its progenitor, nor to doubt that it still remains unchanged in its new habitat. Indeed, the absence of anything more than merely varietal change in man and his companion-animals, in consequence of the geological changes and migrations of the modern period, furnishes, as already stated, a strong if not conclusive argument against derivation; which here, as elsewhere, only increases our actual difficulties, while professing to extricate us from them.

The arguments in the preceding pages cover only a small portion of the extensive field opened up by the subject of this paper. They relate, however, to some of the more prominent and important points, and I trust are sufficient to show that, as applied to man, the theory of derivation merely trifles with the great question of his origin, without approaching to its solution. In the next and concluding paper, I propose to sketch the leading features of primitive man, as he appears to us through the mist of the intervening ages, and to compare the picture with that presented by the oldest historical records of our race.

Varieties.

SCOTTISH INDEPENDENCE IN KIRK AND STATE.—It was this antique splendour which cast a halo round the whole Scottish struggle for independence, even when one least approved its object. It was magnificent in the struggle of John Knox against all the fascinations of Queen Mary; it was magnificent in the struggle of Andrew Melville against James VI; it was magnificent, even if somewhat grotesque, in the struggle of the whole people against Charles I and Archbishop Laud; it was magnificent in the still more fiery struggle of the Covenanters against Claverhouse and Lauderdale; it was magnificent when, passing over into the Episcopalian Church, it strove against William III at Killiecrankie, and against George II at Culloden; it magnificently combined both the extreme Episcopalian and extreme Presbyterian in those unavailing protests against the endeavours of all the wisest statesmen of England and Scotland to bring about the union of the two countries; it was magnificent even when carried to a pitch of extravagance in Dissent unparalleled in any other nation in the successive intrenchments occupied by the Cameronians, by the Secession, by the Relief, by the Old Lights, by the New Lights, by the Collegers, by the Usagers, by the Burghers, by the Anti-Burghers, by the United Presbyterians, and by the Free Church against the Established Church, and against each other in every

one of the contests in which each separate communion maintained that it, and it alone, was the true Church of Scotland. The great peculiarity of Dissent in Scotland had been, that it was not properly Dissent at all, but that it earnestly repudiated the name. English Nonconformists, in their ignorance, prided themselves on their Nonconformity; but Scotch Nonconformists prided themselves on their Churchmanship. Scotch theology, with all its drawbacks, had been the source at which some of the finest and noblest spirits of the Scottish Church, especially in its less educated portions, had been fed. The elaborate arguments of the Westminster Confession, the long wail of the judicial testimony, the stubborn resistance to Popery and Prelacy, had been the rough husk within which had been preserved the divine fire of Scotland's burning bush. If its intolerant excesses had given occasion to the withering sarcasms of Burns's "Holy Fair" and "Holy Willie," it was also the basis of that unrivalled picture of a poor man's religious household, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." True it was that, "from scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs." The Solemn League and Covenant, strange as it might seem to us, inspired a rapture apparently as pure and heavenly as though it had been the "Imitatio Christi." The tombs of the Covenanters were to the Scottish Church what the catacombs were to the early Christian Church. The inscriptions which hoped that their persecutors would "find at resurrection day" that "to martyr saints was no sweet play," the barbarous but ever-recurring rhymes which enumerated the names of those who died for the covenanted Kirk of the Reformation, were more like the aspirations of the Christians of the three first ages than anything else which existed in modern times.—Dean Stanley.

WHITEBAIT.—Mr. Lord's argument (p. 384), good as far as it goes, fails in one point; he does not define what the so-called *clupea alba* will become when fully grown. The question is, Are whitebait *miniature* fish, or the young—i.e., the growing fry—of a larger fish? To settle this question we ought to have a separate tank for whitebait at all our aquaria; these should be supplied, as opportunity serves, with live fish; and then, from time to time, as they grow into recognition, the known species should be removed; the residue, if any, will be the true whitebait.—A. H.

FEMALE EDUCATION AS AN ANTIDOTE TO ULTRAMONTANISM.—The great movement of opening the School and the University to women—that is, calling on women to take their share in the work of human culture—is another circumstance of the time not without its importance in relation to this question (Ultramontanism). This revolution is for ever robbing the Jesuit of the power which he believed to be absolutely his own.—"Catholicism and the Vatican," by J. Lowry Whittle.

THE COOLIES OF MAURITIUS.—The island of Mauritius is well known as one of the most productive of our sugar-producing colonies. It owes its prosperity to its proximity to India, and the facilities thus afforded for the introduction of coolie labour from that great peninsula. At present there are more than 200,000 of these coolie labourers in the island. They are engaged for a period of five years. At the expiry of their engagement they are at liberty to return to their native land. Many, having formed local ties, prefer to remain in the country of their adoption, and support themselves by market-gardening and other small industries. A systematic attempt has been made by the planters, with the sanction of the late Governor, to force them into a re-engagement, or to subject them to such restrictions as may drive them from the island. This is done under the pretence of preventing them from becoming vagabonds or mendicants, though there is very little danger of a class naturally industrious, and keenly alive to their own interests, having recourse to such unworthy means for subsistence. In virtue of these restrictions, the unfortunate ex-immigrant becomes literally *ad scriptus gleba*; he cannot move beyond the spot where he resides without the risk of being apprehended by the police, and imprisoned till his identity has been established. He is provided, at his own expense, with a photograph of himself and a police pass, which he is bound to produce when called on to do so; if he fails to produce them, he is liable to be beaten with rattans, and to be imprisoned for a month without being able to communicate with his family. The police also have the power to enter their houses at night, and to carry them off to prison without a warrant from any magistrate. One unfortunate man was seized on the morning of his marriage day and carried off to prison. After a few days' detention he was dismissed; it was merely a *mauvaise plaisanterie* on the part of some facetious policeman. But this is not all. The coolies, before the five years have

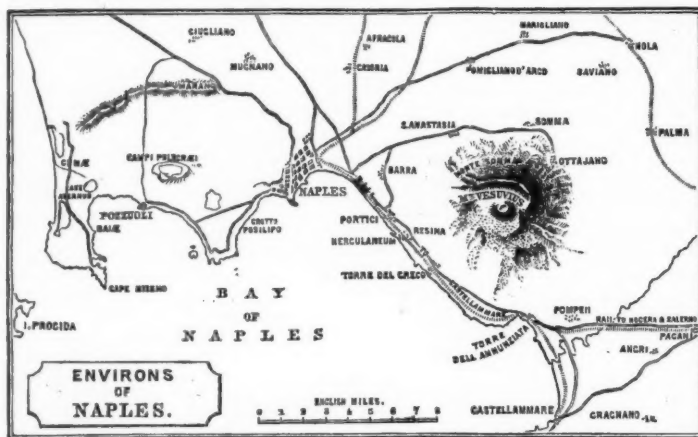
expired, are cheated out of their wages in many ways; *couper les gages* is a familiar expression. The truck system exists in a worse form than even in Shetland. The coolie touches little of the sum to which he is legally entitled. If he appeals to the magistrate (a planter or the friend of planters) he is sent to prison as contumacious. Recently the coolies employed on an estate at Pamplemousses went in a body to the Hon. A. H. Gordon, the Governor, and complained that they were unjustly deprived of their wages. The Governor was so far convinced of the justice of their complaints that he instructed the Substitute Procureur-General to take up their case and defend their interests. Everyone who knows Mauritius and the planters must admire his moral courage in taking such a step, and enough has been written to show the necessity for that committee of inquiry which has just been appointed to inquire into the whole question of coolie immigration to Mauritius.

VESUVIUS.—When at Naples during the early spring of 1868, in describing the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, then in full activity, I stated my conviction that there existed a submarine communication between the base of the mountain and the Mediterranean. I was supported in this idea by the opinions of the most experienced guides at Torre del Greco

in boration of another statement made by Signor Palmieri, and in order to give some idea of the great thickness of the lava crust, and the lengthened period during which it retains its high temperature, I have frequently seen "fumaroli," or jets of steam, issuing from lava that flowed out ten years previously, and singularly enough, little wild plants growing round the fissures, and evidently enjoying their vapour bath, while all around was a barren field of cold, hard lava.—H. S. P.

DUKE DE BROGLIE'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS POLITICAL POSITION UNDER LOUIS PHILIPPE.—"No man can have taken any part, however slight, in the subversion of a throne, the accession of a royal family, although it may be only for a few years, and the opening of a new era in history, although it may be but a transient one, without asking himself over and over again, even to his last days, if it was a right thing to do, and if he was right when he approved of it. I am neither a Legitimist nor a Democrat in the ordinary meaning of the words; I think there should be no dogmas or principles in politics placed on a higher level than reason and the welfare of society. What I have said aloud and in public I have a right to repeat in the silence of my study, and therefore I say that I do not believe in the Divine right of Kings. I do not believe that a nation,

body, soul, and conscience, belongs, like a flock of sheep, to any one family, to be used or abused as they please. Nor do I believe that whatever such a family may do, whatever may be its extremes or crimes, it can always retain a right to the throne. But neither do I believe in the sovereignty of the people, in their right to change their rulers at pleasure, when they please, and simply because they please. I do not acknowledge that the majority plus one of a nation has any right to carry out its mere whims with regard to the form of government. I do not even acknowledge that the entire nation has this right, because I do not recognise it in any individual in the nation. God did not place men upon the earth to carry out their own fancies, but to obey the eternal laws of justice and truth, to act as moral and reasonable beings, to perform their duties and to keep their oaths. The duties of a nation towards its rulers seem to me as sacred as those of the ruler towards the nation; and government at pleasure as insolent and abject in



and Torre del Annunziata, the two villages at the base of the mountain. My reasons for having come to this conclusion I stated to be the white saline incrustation, evidently caused by the condensation of the steam of salt in solution, with which the shoulders of the mountain were coated, and also the fact that the intensity of the eruption increased or diminished in force according as the moon was at new or at full, or in one of her intermediate phases, occasioning thereby a corresponding increase or decrease of the height of the tidal wave, or, as we term it, the spring or neap tide in our Atlantic seas. To this view it may be objected that there is no tide in the Mediterranean. It is quite true that there is no tide sufficient to affect navigation, but that there is a very sensible rise and fall of tide, in some places two feet or more, is quite evident over all the shores of the Mediterranean, and especially in the Adriatic and in the Archipelago amongst the Greek islands. I now recall these facts because in the "Athenæum" of June 1st there was a letter from "H. W." (Henry Wreyford, correspondent for the "Athenæum" at Naples), in which the writer gives an abstract of a lecture delivered by Signor Palmieri on the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius. In his lecture the learned professor stated that the eruption had been gradually increasing in intensity of action for several days previous to the 26th of April, on which day it attained its full force, and that from an analysis of the "smoke" (a mistranslation, I imagine, of the Italian word for vapour or steam) he had come to the conclusion that there does exist a communication between the sea and the base of the mountain during the period of its active eruption. It is well known to sea-coast men that the tidal wave at spring tide does not attain its greatest height until the second day or for three or four tides after the moon has been at new or full. It is therefore worthy of note that in the case of the late eruption of Vesuvius, the moon was at full on the 23rd April, and therefore the highest tide, occurring on or about the 26th, might have been forced by the strong siroc (south) wind, and thus the sea-water would have found its way through the channels of communication, whatever they may be, to the base of the mountain. In corro-

the market-hall as in the palace of a king."—*Guizot's Memoir of the Duc de Broglie.*

MYSTERIES IN RELIGION.—We cannot form any idea of this union of the Eternal Being with a mortal man, who, in this state, lived about three-and-thirty years;—but can we conceive, with more accuracy, the connection of the soul and body? For we are composed of two substances. The one thinks, perceives, judges, though it is without parts and without extension; the other, on the contrary, possesses these properties. These substances, so different, are, however, united. Every human creature is formed, in part, of gross particles of earth: but quite contrary is the essence of my soul. I perceive the shock which my body receives, and I observe that it moves at the volition of the soul. This union is incomprehensible, but it is not the less real; our own sensations confirm it daily. In like manner, there are things of a more important nature of which we have the same imperfect ideas. We cannot understand, for instance, the nature of motion; how it passes from one body to another; how it leaves one to agitate another, without suffering any alterations in itself, or permitting us to discern whether it is anything extended, corporeal, or that may be measured. Therefore, of all the objections proposed by unbelievers, there are none more contemptible than those which are drawn from the difficulty of comprehending the manner in which things exist; or that which, in the language of the schools, is termed their essence. We find, however, no contradiction in these mysteries; and though we cannot understand their manner, yet it is not impossible for us to see the fitness of the means for accomplishing the ends designed.—*Baron Haller.*

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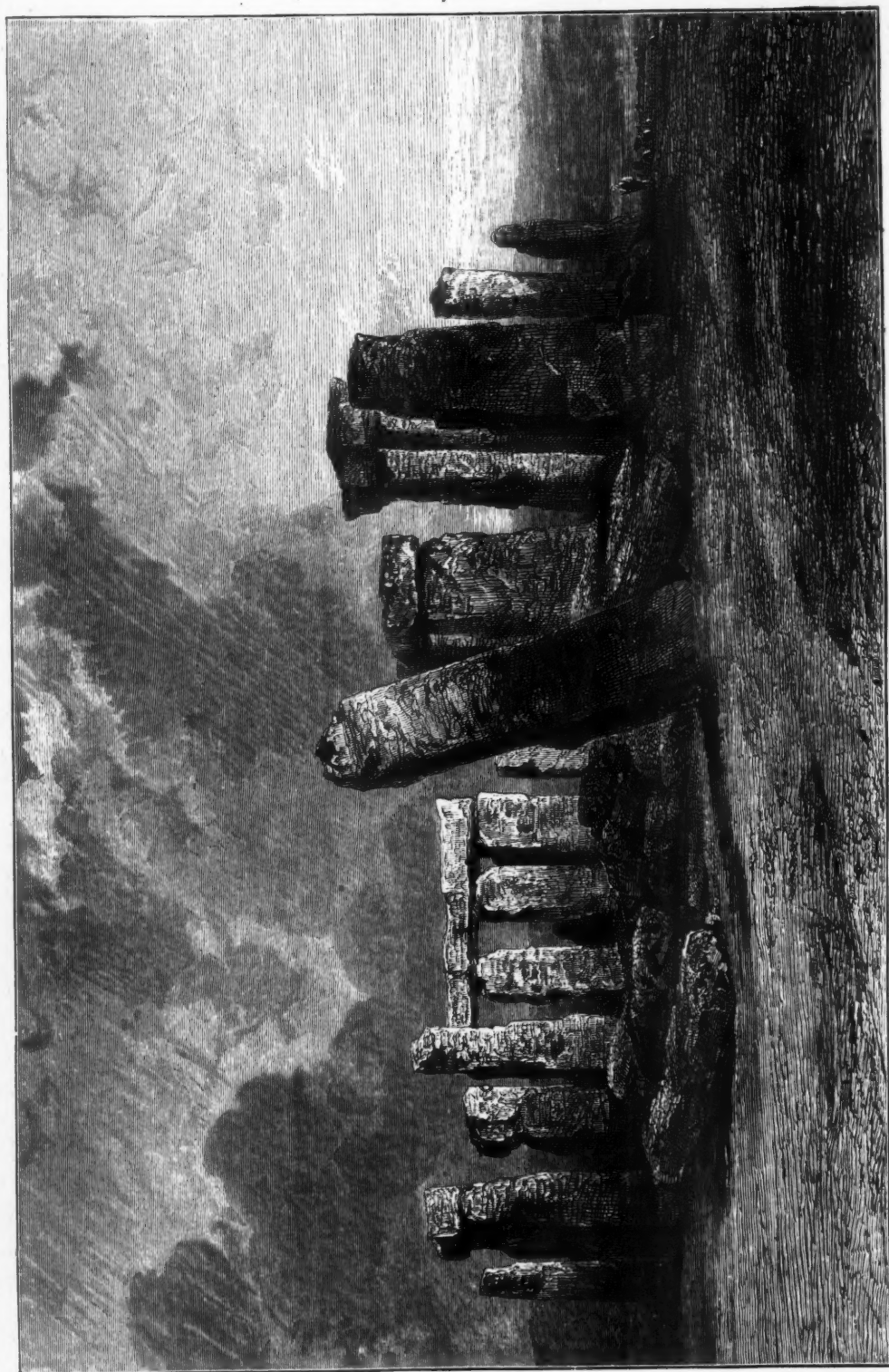
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